

THE BOSTON MORNING POST.

PUBLISHED DAILY, AT NO. 21 WATER STREET, BY BEALS & GREENE.—CHARLES GORDON GREENE, EDITOR.

VOLUME X. NO. 1.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.

FOR PRESIDENT,
MARTIN VAN BUREN.
FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
RICHARD M. JOHNSON.

POETRY.

THE FEAR OF THE BURIAL.

The worst pang of death is the burial.—L.E.L.

It is not that we shrink from death,
From nature's general doom—
It is our horror of the grave,
Our terror of the tomb,
Our dread of that dark dwelling place,
That fills us with despair,
And wakes each nerve to agony,
Which all who breathe must bear.

'Tis not the deep, dissolving pang
To struggling nature known:—
Endurance eadly meets the strife
Of agony alone;
But 'tis the deep and thrilling dread
The faltering and the firm
All have felt, which shrinks from dust,
Corruption and the worm.

'Tis this that haunts our infant years,
Inherent with our breath,
The parent of a thou-and-tears—
'Tis not the fear of death;
'Tis this that makes the bitterness
Of many a parting hour,
And triu nips over better hopes
With deep and deadly power.

I've bowed beside my infant's bed,
And watched his struggling breath,
And known that each convulsive gasp
Might terminate in death;
I've seen around the livid lip
The ghastly whitened seal,
And in that hour of anguish felt—
As mothers only feel.

Was it a selfish sorrow swayed
Resistless in my breast?
Did I forget that God was good,
And heaven a home of rest?
I know not if I ever thought
There was a heaven above,
Or that a God was reigning there,
And that that God was love.

But on that idol infant form
Which I no more should see,
I thought how soon the icy worm
A reveller would be;

And in a horror unrevealed,
An agony unknown,
I left, alas! I could not yield
Corruption—what?—her own.

It is, alas! the dust we love,
The dust to which we cling,
The dust for which we sorrow when
The spirit plumes her wing;

And that from which the feeble shrink,
The firm affect to brave,

Is not the fear of death;—it is

The terror of the grave.

REBECCA.

THE YOUNG PREACHER.

The following extract is from the Knickerbocker, and we think will be more acceptable as we present it, than had we copied the facts connected with it as originally published:—

He selected his text from Acts xxvi. 29: 'And Paul said, I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am, except these bonds;—and never did I bear a more eloquent sermon. He ran rapidly through the history of Paul—he touched with impassioned fervor upon the lofty spirit with which he went bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem, and gave with pathetic enthusiasm, the outline picture of his arraignment before Festus. 'Mark, my beloved brethren and sisters,' said he, 'the powerful contrast between the pride of sin, and the unadorned glory of the Christian! Behold the meek Apostle, standing before the imperial Festus and Agrippa, who with Bernice his wife had come with great pomp, accompanied by the chief captains and principal men of the city—brought forth by commandment—hindered with bonds, before princes and potentates, in gold and purple! He lifts up his voice—the trembling spirit-tones ring through the vast apartment where he stands; they thunder at the door of every heart; he stands the delege of sensibility to many a check. The warm lip of woman quivers—her bright orbs grow dim with emotion—the silvered head sinks thoughtfully upon the breast of age—Sabbath holiness lingers around; and as the travel-worn apostle speaketh on, the bosoms that surround him thrill to the movement of his tongue. As he proceeds, he kindles—he seems to rise above the wall of dust that circumscribes his spirit—his mortal corruption seems to put on incorruption—his mortal form seems to expand into the bright dimensions of immortality. The voice of inspiration trembles around; the words of grace fall like good seed, broad-cast among the multitude; and as the prisoner in his bonds pleads the cause of love, and truth, and God, the agitated Festus, shrinking from the tremendous energy of his eloquence, exclaims—'Thou art beside thyself! But with what firm benevolence and kindly meekness is his insult answered! How calmly it is denied! And with what yearning tenderness does the Pilgrim and Soldier of the Cross invoke for his judge all the blessings that filled his own soul,—'except his bonds: Wondrous benignity,—fond outpouring of a spirit rapt and overflowing with the fullness of God! Who would not rather journey with the saint in his pilgrimage, from prison to prison, from peril to peril, from stripes to shipwreck, than to dwell in the tents of sinful magnificence, or abide in the ephemeral tabernacles of luxury,—to wield the sceptre of kings, or hold the reins of empires.' Hero Wilford's cheek flushed, and his eye sparkled with enthusiasm. He saw by the uplifted hands, he heard by the groans and shouts around him, that his discourse was taking effect; and like an actor, excited with applause, he swept onward in his speech: 'Oh, my friends! let not his great example be lost upon you. Follow in his footsteps, walk even as he walked,—denying ungodliness, and crucifying the flesh, with its afflictions and lusts; so that at the last, ye may shine in ga-loh-rat! Mark what I tell ye! I may be unworthy,—your preacher may be sinful, ignorant, and imperfet,—but ye must be watchful, prayerful and steadfast: then shall ye shine at the last as the stars in the firmament, for ever and ever. Then, when the sun himself shall grow dim with years,—when his yellow halo shall no longer float on the Eastern mountains, or his golden banners tremble at the gates of the West,—when the ocean shrinks to its final ebb, and the mountains themselves decay with age, then shall ye stray amid the blissful fields of Paradise, enjoying plenitude,—mind I say pi-nutriately,—those raptures of which, in this dull vale of misery, we have no sign nor symbol.'

Hero Wilford lowered his voice, and ended his discourse with a beautiful allusion to the scenes around him. He was skilled in camp-meeting psalmody, and with his sweet voice 'raised' a tune, and led the singers in a hymn whose simple melody yet haunts my ear.

BLANK BOOKS.—Just received at the Auction and Commission Rooms, 46 Washington st, 4 cases of Blank Books of a superior quality—making a complete assortment they will be sold on very moderate terms.

T. M. BAKER.

WEDNESDAY

MORNING, DECEMBER 2, 1835.

PRICE \$6 PER ANN. IN ADVANCE.

MATTHEW HALE.—Contemplations Moral and Divine.—By Sir MATTHEW HALE, with an introductory Notice, of the Life and Writings of the Author.

BISHOP HALL.—Select, Devotional, and practical Works, of BISHOP HALL, with an introductory Notice, of the Author's Life and Writings.—For Sale by MARSH, CAPE & LYON, 133 Washington street.

WANTED.—2 or 3 lads from 14 to 16 years of age, as apprentices to the tool making business, where the opportunities of obtaining a knowledge of both branches of forging and finishing, are unusually good. Those who can come well recommended, may apply to C. HAMMOND, Blackstone street.

Also, wanted as above, first rate Wood Turner.

Nov 28 epft

SOMETHING WARM.—J. G. WYMAN, Merchant of 51 Washington street, opposite the Post Office, has just received one more of the Black Mohair Cloths, the best article ever introduced for gentlemen's travelling coats, being the warmest, and perfectly water proof.

Gentlemen are invited to call and examine the goods

830

GENUINE ARROW ROOT.—Pure and unadulterated—Grown and manufactured in the parish of St George, Island of Jamaica—selected and cut up in canisters particularly for the American market, by a gentleman residing at Bay Bay, Jamaica—for sale by LOW & REED, 24 Merchants' Row.

It is not that we shrink from death,
From nature's general doom—
It is our horror of the grave,
Our terror of the tomb,
Our dread of that dark dwelling place,
That fills us with despair,
And wakes each nerve to agony,
Which all who breathe must bear.

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Was it a selfish sorrow swayed
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Did I forget that God was good,
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The spirit plumes her wing;

And that from which the feeble shrink,
The firm affect to brave,

Is not the fear of death;—it is

The terror of the grave.

REBECCA.

COUNTRY MERCHANTS ATTEND.—A large

assortment of HATS, suitable for the country trade, may

be found at DEXTER'S, (late Olney, Dexter & Gill), 37 Cornhill street—opposite the New Court House.

epft & os—31

STRAYED OR STOLEN.—from the Fulton Stable, in Fulton street, on Monday, the 16th inst., a Newfoundland Dog Puppy, about three months old. Whoever will return him to the Stable, or to THOMAS BRITTON, near the North Square, shall be suitably rewarded.

11—m25

SELECT SCHOOL-DAy AND EVENING.—MISS FORTW will commence a new quarter on the first Monday of December next, in Sullivan's Building, School st, Court square, next door to the Intelligence Office.

ep19—2p1w

GERMAN WINDOW GLASS.—200 boxes assort.

ed sizes, first quality, just landed—for sale by ROGERS,

DEVENS & CO, wholesale druggists and paint dealers, 5 & 6

Granite St., Commercial wharf.

N. B. Orders solicited and faithfully executed.

21—epft

SITUATION WANTED.—A young man wishes a

situation to attend a store or bar—he can produce a good

recommendation—apply at No 47 Milk st.

11—m19

BOSTON BOOK.—This day published by LIGHT &

HORTON, No 1 Cornhill.—The Boston Book; being specimens of Metropolitan Literature, occasional and periodical.

11—m26

BOARDING.—4 or 5 gentlemen can be accommodated

with pleasant Rooms, with board, at No 48 Purchase st,

in a genteel private family.

11—os—24

WRAPPING PAPER.—A good article, for sale low

at WHITNEY'S Auction and Commission Rooms, 39 & 42 Washington st.

11—s2

STOCKS, GLOVES & SUSPENDERS.—Of every

quality, for sale by WM. H. RODGERS, No 6, Joy Building.

11—os—617

PERRY.—4 pipes Perry, a superior article, just received

and for sale by GEORGE W. TYLER, 42 Commercial st, nov 18

11—s18

BOYS' CLOTHING.—ready made, and made to order at No 24 Court street, (Tutor's Buildings).

JOHN WILSON & SON.

11—os—21

EMOVAL NOTICE.—WM. HOWE has removed

from No 34 Ann street to the corner of Merchant's Row and Ann street, where he has on hand a large assortment of Hats, Caps, Furs, Umbrellas &c, which he will sell at the low

est prices for cash.

epm—11

JONES'S AMERICAN LUCIFER MATCHES.—Dealers in the city can be supplied with the above superior article at the manufacturer's prices on application to the Sole Agents for this city—ROGERS, DEVENS & CO, Drug Sticks & Paint Dealers, Nos 5 & 6 Commercial wharf.

epm

DANTALOONS AND VESTS.—Gentlemen in wear

of the above articles are invited to call on WYMAN'S

Merchant Tailor, Washington st, opposite the Post Office,

where they will find the largest and most fashionable assort.

ment of Cashmere & Veve tings, suitable for the season, ever offered in this market, which will be sold by the piece, yard, or made into garments in the most fashionable manner.

11—m20

ORRIS T. CHAPIN.—MERCHANT TAILOR—Blackstone street,

INFORMS his friends and former customers, that he has

taken the store next to the New England House, where he

has on hand a choice assortment of Cloths, Cassimere and

Vestings, which he will make up with elegance and despatch,

on the most reasonable terms. Call and see.

11—os—ostf

ANNUALS—1836.—JAMES B. DOW, 362 Washington

street, has for sale the following Annuals, for 1836:

Religious Souvenir, edited by Chauncey Cotton; The Token, edited by J. G. Goodrich; The Gift, edited by Miss Leslie; The Pearl, a beautiful Juvenile Annual; Friendship's Offering, 17 splendid engravings; Fisher's Drawing Room Scrap Book, edited by L. E. L. 36 engravings.—Also a variety of Books in rich bindings.

11—s17

WRAPPING PAPER.—MOSES CARLETON & CO, No 116 State street, (up stairs) manufacturers of Paper, offer for sale at their Warehouse as above, all sizes of Wrapping Paper, *viz.* Cap, Crown, Double Cap, Double Crown, Large Wrapping, 30 & 40, suitable for packing Boxes. Also, Fancy Shoe Paper, "a new article!"—Printing Paper of any size made to order. 11—os—jyf

WINES, LIQUORS, &c.—The subscriber has just

received, at No 3 Chatham street—25 quarter casks

French Madeira Wine, Sweat's cargo, a superior article—20 qr

do Old Port and Imitation do—Sicily Madeira, Sweet and Dry

Malaga, and

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1835.

The New York Correspondent of the Atlas, (the old boy in specs?) is entitled to credit for the frankness with which he has expressed his views in relation to the true policy of the whig party, as regards the coming Presidential election. In his letter of the 28th ult., he says—

"As to American authors, who for number and variety begin to vie with those of any country in Europe, many remarks from me would be out of place. I could name divers, perhaps hardly known in England, whose works in their several branches of science or literature, should command respect among the generations that be; and at least, whatever posterity may say to them, claim quite as favorable doom as some hundred among us, whom fashion and the reviews combine to praise."

"Travel where you will, through the middle and eastern states, you see tokens of a busy spirit of enterprising ingenuity, boldness of design and conception in every branch of mechanics, from the lowest to the highest, which must command admiration. To this the absence of monopolies—the incessant call for exertion and emulation—the vastness of the public works are all favorable. The advantage of having given birth to more than one striking and original genius in naval architecture, and the natural bias of the people to commerce, kept alive by success, and by the jealous rivalry with England, and between their own companies of merchants and owners of packets,—has covered their coasts with innumerable vessels of every class, the aptitude of which for the purposes of their erection, is only to be equalled by the symmetry of proportion and beauty of appearance for which they are distinguished. The steam-vessel contains abundant proofs of this mechanical talent in every part of its details. From the bridges—water-works—rail-roads—docks, and public works of every description, down through the countless number of aids to human comfort, to the very mouse-trap, you detect the prevalence of this same busy ingenuity and talent. And there is no reason to believe it will not increase with the growth of the country."

The South-West, by a Yankee, from the same publishers, we have not had time to read yet, we have been so much bothered with lawyers, schoolmasters, &c. lately, but shall at the first leisure moment, because every one who has speaks so highly of it. Our brother of the Pennsylvanian says "these volumes may be warmly recommended to the public. They will find it difficult to lay them down before they have fully perused them; at least we found it so ourselves, who unluckily have little leisure for such recreations, and must travel with the speed of a locomotive, even through such a book as the South-West, by a Yankee."

Jones's Practical Phrenology, an extract from which we published the other day, giving the character of Washington agreeably to the principles of this modern science, is printed and for sale by Russell, Shattuck & Co.

The Cincinnati Theatre, which has been for some time under the sole management of our townsmen, F. S. Hill, has recently closed after a very successful season. A Cincinnati paper states that Mr Hill is a great favorite in that place, and that he intends hereafter to make it his home. He is, we understand, now on his way to join our quondam friend "Sir Richard Russell, Baronet," in New Orleans.

We have got the oddist looking potato that ever man saw—it is of all kinds of shape and size—it is a decidedly uglier formed thing than Mr Cheate described what he called our libel upon Mr Pike to be—actually "ferocious."

An Envoy Extraordinary from Spain to the United States, came passenger in the Roscoe.

France.—The letters from France are various in their prophecies. We have seen one from a noble Duke, member of course of the Chamber of Peers, who seems to understand the subject. His grace says he does not see how the note of Mr Forsyth to Mr Livingston can be considered an explanation, for he does not perceive that a letter from a Minister to a recalled Envoy has any diplomatic character about it which can be recognised by another nation. But he says there need be no difficulty respecting the matter, as it is a mere point of etiquette which is left to a ambassador, and that the French government entertain now the same sentiments of friendship towards this country and the same disposition to pay attention, which were expressed by the French Ministers, on representing the bill in the Chambers. The story of an explanation being demanded for the recall of Mr Livingston, is of course unfounded.—*Jour. Com.*

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The reported demand of the money, by Mr Barton, is also disproved.

The attacks upon the Department of the General Post Office are as causeless as they are lavish. Whatever may be the faults of subordinate agents, in that branch of public business, no room is left for a doubt that its chief at Washington has discharged his duty with an ability, firmness and impartiality, which entitle him to universal respect and confidence. Unscrupulous censure is the parent of equally undiscriminating defence; and we ought not to be surprised, if, when a high functionality of indisputable talents and exhaustless industry has recklessly and constantly imputed to him every error, absurdity, or misconduct of the countless organs of his department, a deaf and inflexible attitude of wholesale vindication be assumed. Where injustice is so rank as to confound every moral distinction, virtue has no refuge but a callous indifference. The vice of the opposition lies in this: they blame every body and condemn every act. The consequent danger is, that those in power are impelled to disregard their censures even when inquiry might prove them to be well founded. But, in truth, this common obloquy is never designed to effect amendment; it is the mere ebullition of party malignity.

Among the striking features of General JACKSON's career in the office of President, are his original choice and advancement of the present Post-master General. No choice has been more highly vindicated—no advancement has been more truly merited. We speak in reference to the important and arduous trusts which have been confided to that gentleman's care. Could any one have better reformed the abuses by which his predecessor permitted the station of Fourth Auditor to be embarrassed and corrupted? And will any one pretend, that a fitter agent could have been designated to achieve the redemption of the Post Office department from the relaxing effects of Major BARRY's administration? Mr KENDALL, indeed, seems peculiarly adapted for tasks of repulsive magnitude, requiring uncommon force of character, direct dealing, and the most energetic perseverance. Few, very few, gave him credit for these qualities when he was first appointed; but long before he quits the public service—so soon as the virulence of temporary politics shall subside—his official merits and exploits will be the subjects of unanimous admission and praise.

*It was not our intention to have said thus much about the Post master General; but having said it, we feel no inclination to retract a single syllable. "Qui palmar meruit, ferat."—*Am. Sentinel.**

Blackwood's Magazine.—The second number of Foster's edition of Blackwood's Magazine is received at Broaders' rooms 147 Washington street.

The editor of the Springfield Republican thinks he can "indulge his canine propensity to some good purpose." Very likely.

The Titcomb Street Church, in Newburyport, caught fire on Sunday, from the stove funnel—no material damage was done.

The Centinel says that the costs of the late trial at Salem, for a libel are estimated at \$10,000! This is 9,000 over the mark, neighbor.

The sleighing has been good for several days in the vicinity of Boston. At Portland, a gentleman from Maine tell us, "it is prime."

The Bangor Advertiser of Saturday publishes the annexed paragraph:—

"An Elopement took place in this city a few days ago,—the Lady was quite young, (about 14) but her swain had arrived at years of discretion. They were pursued and overtaken, but the friends of the girl failed in recovering her. We think it proper to suppress names and particulars."

*Russell, of the American Theatre, New Orleans, has engaged the celebrated *dansuese* Taglioni, who is expected in that city, early in the ensuing season.*

The U. S. Branch Bank at Providence has been sold out to the Providence Bank.

Colonel Johnson was expected in Philadelphia on Saturday.

The Hudson river is frozen down to the city of Hudson.

"The Rambler in North America, by Lotrobe," published by the Harpers, contains a pretty fair view of our country, its inhabitants, and institutions; and is written in a liberal and engaging style of composition; the following extracts will give the reader an idea of the spirit of the writer:—

"As to American authors, who for number and variety begin to vie with those of any country in Europe, many remarks from me would be out of place. I could name divers, perhaps hardly known in England, whose works in their several branches of science or literature, should command respect among the generations that be; and at least, whatever posterity may say to them, claim quite as favorable doom as some hundred among us, whom fashion and the reviews combine to praise."

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"The notice of the subject has been elicited by a publication in the *Courier & Enquirer* of the 6th inst., signed "Sundry Merchants of Apalachicola," and by information, that one of the proprietors of Apalachicola, now in the city, is industriously showing an extract of a letter to himself, which states "that a steamboat had grounded in an attempt to enter Lake Winnebago."—The receiver of that letter, and the writer of "Sundry Merchants of Apalachicola" I take to be, one and the same person. His object in each case, to promote a sale of lots in this town.

In his publication referred to, he complains of misrepresentations having been made by the friends of St. Joseph, for the purpose of injuring his town of Apalachicola. Of these "misrepresentations," I know nothing, having never seen any thing in the public prints upon the subject, except what was in the *Apalachicola Advertiser*. The representation published in that paper, related to facts perfectly well-known to the community there; and I venture to say, will not be contradicted by the respectable inhabitants of the place; but whether they were made by the "friends of St. Joseph," I am uninformed. I will, however, say, that I can conceive of no adequate motive which should prompt any "friend of St. Joseph" to misrepresent Apalachicola. The act would be an unnecessary, as it would be wicked. To tell *one half the truth*, in relation to that place, would be sufficient to "damn it to everlasting fame." The very admissions of the writing proprietor, are sufficient for that object. "A place so unhealthy as annually to cause its depopulation, by the flight of every inhabitant, who has the means of removing. A harbor admitting only vessels drawing eight feet—(it is only seven feet) compelling vessels drawing twelve feet, to take in and discharge their cargoes at the distance of three, and larger vessels, at the distance of sixteen miles." What but fatuity itself, under such circumstances, can expect a commercial city to grow up in Apalachicola; while in its immediate vicinity, the Bay of St. Joseph abounds; a harbor unsurpassed by any in the Union, with a town site, possessing every possible advantage; and unalloyed by a single ingredient in its localities, which can cause the least apprehension as to health?

Both parties assume a grave and knowing look, and a long pause ensues. Finally, Obadiah gives his pate another harrowing scratch, and again breaks silence—

"Well, Sally, we chaps are going to raise a sleigh-ride, its such imminent good sleddin', to-morrow.

Sally—You are? Our folks are suspecting company all day to-morrow.

Obadiah—I s'pose they'll have insatiate times on't.

I should be indefinitely happy if you would disgrace me with your company; I should take it as a derisory honour; besides, we're calculating to treat the gals copious well with rasons and black strap.

Sally—I should be supernatural glad to disgrace you, but our folks suspect company; I can't go.

Obadiah sits scratching his head awhile, and at length starts up as though a new idea had come upon him.

Well, now I know what I'll do; I'll go home and thrash them are beans what have been lying down there in the barn sich a darned while. [Exit Obadiah.]

Accident.—Last evening (Monday) the horses attached to the Cambridge Hourly Coach took flight in front of the office in Brattle street, and ran through Dock Square, upsetting the coach on the north side of Faneuil Hall, where they became detached from the vehicle, and a lady passenger who was inside at the time was taken out unhurt. The frightened animals then proceeded down North Market street at full speed, and taking rather an extensive sweep in turning, the corner carried one of their number over the cap of the wharf—and the harness being cut to release the others he fell into the water. A host of persons soon gathered on the spot, and he was drawn out in twenty minutes as comfortable as could be expected.—*Briggs.*

Fires.—There was no less than three fires yesterday afternoon. One in a store at the corner of Cherry street and Pike slip, which was soon extinguished—another at 3 o'clock in the cabinet shop of Mr John Roth, in the rear of 25 Christie street, which burnt the second story and roof—and a third, which destroyed several carpenter's shops and other buildings in the block bounded on Fourth, Green and Mercer streets and Washington place. We are sorry to record a serious accident which occurred at the latter fire, by which one man was killed and three wounded. A frame building in the rear of Washington place fell, burying several persons under the ruins. Mr Hewlett (a painter by profession) was taken up dead, and three firemen seriously injured. The fire in Christie street, we understand, was caused by the carelessness of a journeyman while smoking a pipe or cigar.—*N. York Times* of Monday.

Municipal.—At a meeting of the Mayor and Aldermen on Monday—Warrants were ordered to be issued for Ward Meetings, on Monday the 14th of December, at 3:30, at 11 o'clock, A. M., for the election of Mayor, Aldermen, members of Common Council, School Committee, Overseers of Poor, Wardens, Clerks, and Inspectors of Elections. The poll to be kept open until 3 o'clock, P. M. Warrant was granted to Washington-Clapp, as 2d Assistant Foreman of Engine No 3.—Petition of firemen of Ward 7, for an additional number of 25 members referred. Petition of James Dalton and others, to have sidewalks placed in front of their estates, named in their petition referred. A lamp to be placed and lighted in Barton street—also four lamps in Commercial street, between Fleet street and the Marine Railway.

The late Postmaster General.—The hyenas of the opposition will not permit this persecuted man to rest in the grave to which their malignity, doubtless, contributed prematurely to consign him. A letter writer in Noah's paper, and we are told the Lexington Reporter, (we scarcely ever read either print) charge, that Mr Barry had overdrawn his outfit and salary, and died a defaulter to the government. It is scarcely necessary to say that this is altogether untrue. We have inquired at the proper department, and ascertain that Mr Barry, so far from having overdrawn his dues, has left undrawn his last month's salary.—*Globe.*

Philadelphia Navy Yard.—There is a frigate on the stocks at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, called the Raritan. She is rated as 44, but will carry 60 guns.

The Warren sloop of war is fitting out for service.

She carries twenty four long twenty four pounders, and will be commanded by Master Commandant Taylor.—She is to go round to Norfolk to get a part of her crew.

Her destination is not stated. The old frigate Cyane is unseaworthy, and is in the course of being broken up.

The New Court House.—It seems that the interior of the New Court House is nearly finished. The Gazette says, "the Municipal Court will be the first of the State tribunals which will occupy their apartments in the new Court House. On Monday next, Judge Thatcher will give a charge to the Grand Jury in that new edifice, and probably will take occasion to make a special address on the subject."

A cancer doctor came within an ace of being lynched in Martinsburg on Monday last. He had, it seems, been practising his impositions upon some of the citizens of the county, until public indignation was so much aroused against him that but for the active interference of Isaac S. Lauck, Esq. he would have been thoroughly ducked in the Tuscarora. The fellow's name is Chadel.—*Alex. Gaz.*

Town Meeting.—The annual election of town officers took place in New Haven on Monday, and resulted in the re-election of the whig board of Selectmen of the last year, and the rest of the candidates on their ticket.

MARRIED.

In this city, Tuesday evening, by Rev Dr Lowell, Andrew Watkins Jr to Miss Susan A. Ladd, both of Boston.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev Mr Streeter, Jeremiah Barnes to Miss Susan L. Hart.

In Dorchester, on Sunday morning, by the Rev Dr Codman, Edward Hill, of Newton, to Miss Lucretia R. Tolman of D.

DIED.

In this city, of consumption, Mrs Hana'la Perry, formerly of Weymouth, Me. 38.

In Roxbury, Tuesday morning, Chester A. son of M. and S. G. Day, 2 years.

In Cambridgeport, on Friday last, Sarah Jane, wife of Francis M. Jennings, 25.

In Amherst, Mass, on Saturday, Miss Adaliza, daughter of Elbridge Brigham, of this city.

TRIAL FOR LIBEL.—In press, and speedily will be published, a Full Report of the Trial of the PUBLISHERS OF THE BOSTON MORNING POST, for an alleged Libel on W. PIKE, Preceptor of the Topsfield Academy, charging him with Brutal Cruelty towards a little girl, whom he took up by the Reporter of the B. M. Post.

BOARD WANTED.—A parlor and chamber with board, for a gentleman and wife. Inquire at this office.

We republish the following article from the New York Evening Star, partly for the information which it will furnish to intended purchasers of property in the new town of St Joseph, Florida, and partly because it announces the probable postponement of the sale until 14th Jan, 1836:—

APALACHICOLA AND ST JOSEPH.

Speculators, and would be speculators, in the lots of either of the towns named at the head of this communication, should know, that via Charleston, Augusta and Chattahoochee, they may place themselves, or an agent, in either town in ten days. Upon the spot, a correct judgment can be formed of the expediency of purchasing, whereas, purchases made in this city, upon the representation of parties interested, may eventuate in disappointment, vexation and loss. Two Florida towns have already been sold out of the Territory—one in New Orleans, at ten times the price which the purchasers could now realize—the other in this city, and the purchaser, complaining of fraudulent misrepresentation, is now seeking redress from the seller in a court of justice. It has happened in Florida, as was said by Mr Jefferson of Virginia, "that the Legislature has said there shall be towns where nature has said there should be none." But when correct information is so easy of attainment, the dupe of misrepresentation deserves nothing but ridicule.

This notice of the subject has been elicited by a publication in the *Courier & Enquirer* of the 6th inst., signed "Sundry Merchants of Apalachicola," and by information, that one of the proprietors of Apalachicola, now in the city, is industriously showing an extract of a letter to himself, which states "that a steamboat had grounded in an attempt to enter Lake Winnebago."—The receiver of that letter, and the writer of "Sundry Merchants of Apalachicola" I take to be, one and the same person. His object in each case, to promote a sale of lots in this town.

Both parties assume a grave and knowing look, and a long pause ensues. Finally, Obadiah gives his pate another harrowing scratch, and again breaks silence—

"There's considerable imperceptible alterin of the weather since last week."

Sally—Taint so injudicious and so indubitable cold as 'twas; the thermometer has lowered up to four hundred degrees higher than zenith.

Obadiah—I think it's likely, for birds of that species fly a great quantity higher in warmer days than cold ones.

Both parties assume a grave and knowing look, and a long pause ensues. Finally, Obadiah gives his pate another harrowing scratch, and again breaks silence—

"Well, Sally, we chaps are going to raise a sleigh-ride, its such imminent good sleddin', to-morrow.

Sally—You are? Our folks are suspecting company all day to-morrow.

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